

Fullness
of Joy

by
Frances Hidley Havergal





Blair. 297.

Evelyn Stewart Murray

1889

FULLNESS
of Joy



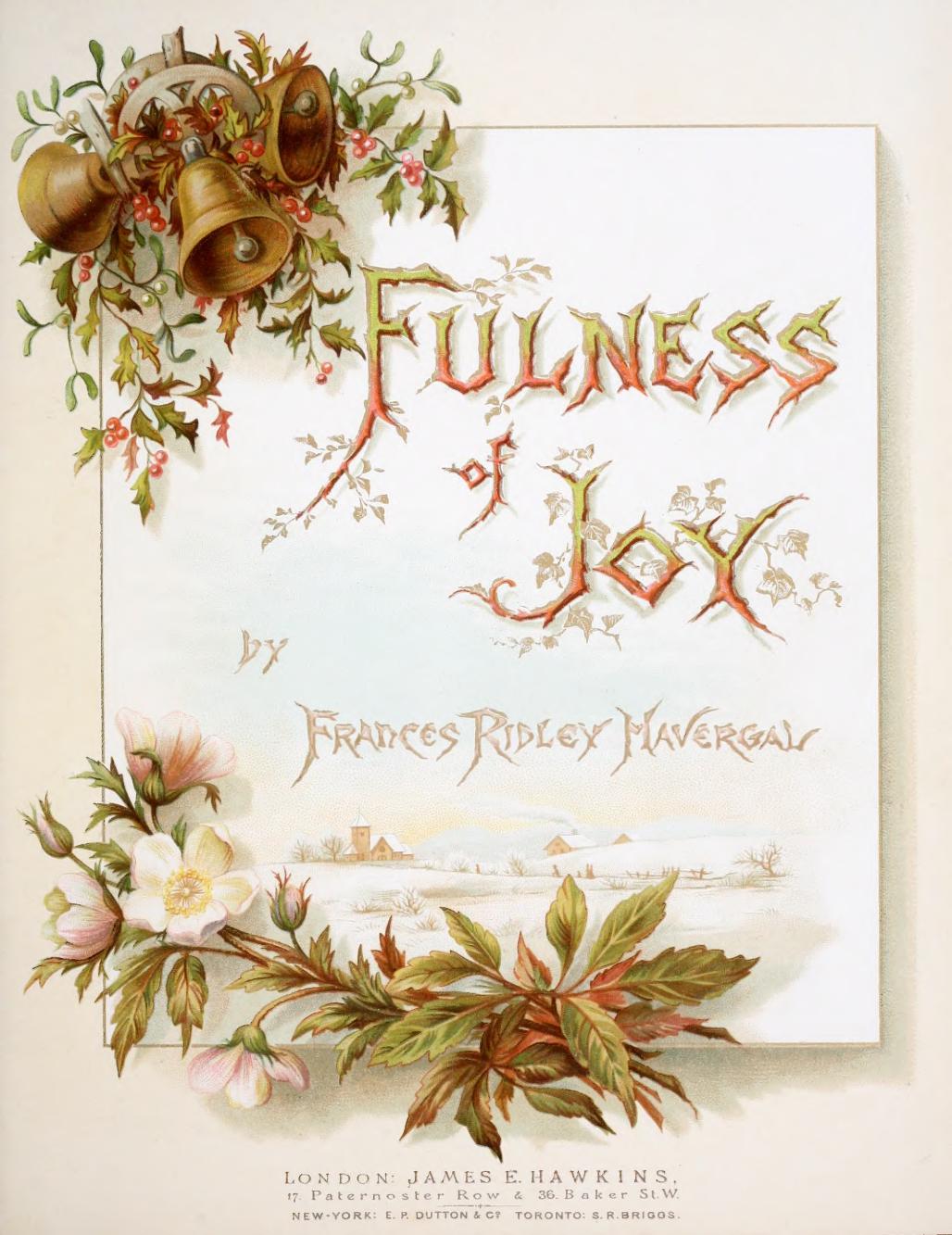
In thy presence is Fulness of Joy.

Psalm 16. 11.

His love is the key and
His glory the measure
Of grace all-abounding
and knowledge and light.

To thee shall be opened
This infinite treasure,
To thee, the unsearchable
riches of Christ.





FULNESS
of Joy

by

FRANCES RIDLEY MAVERGAL

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ACCEPTED.

"Accepted in the Beloved". Eph. 1.6.
"Perfect in Christ Jesus". Col. 1.28
"Complete in Him". Col. 2.10.

ACCEPTED, Perfect, and Complete,
For God's inheritance made meet!
How true, how glorious, and how sweet!

In the Beloved... by the King
Accepted, though not anything
But forfeit lives had we to bring.



And Perfect in Christ Jesus made,
On Him our great transgressions laid,
We in His righteousness arrayed.

Complete in Him, our glorious Head
With Jesus raised from the dead,
And by His mighty Spirit led!

O blessed Lord, is this for me?
Then let my whole life henceforth be
One Alleluia-song to Thee!



IS IT FOR ME?

O Thou whom my soul loveth. Cant. 2.

Is it for me, dear Saviour,
Thy glory and Thy rest?
For me, so weak and sinful,
Oh, shall I thus be blessed?
Is it for me to see Thee
In all Thy glorious grace,
And gaze in endless rapture
On Thy beloved face?

Is it for me to listen
To Thy beloved Voice,
And hear its sweetest music
Bid even me rejoice?
Is it for me, Thy welcome,
Thy gracious "Enter in?"
For me Thy "Come, ye blessed,"
For me so full of sin?

Behold Thee in Thy beauty,
Behold Thee face to face;
Behold Thee in Thy glory,
And reap Thy smile of grace,
And be with Thee for ever,
And never grieve Thee more!
Dear Saviour, I must praise Thee,
And lovingly adore.





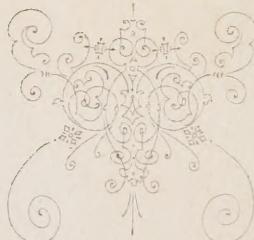
OUR KING.

Worship thou Him? Ps 45.11.

⑥ Saviour, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O Name of might and favour,
All other names above!
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and King!

In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine,
The glory that excelleth.
O Son of God, is Thine:
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing,
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King!

Oh, grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love:
Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King!





He hath done it.

Sing, O heavens! the Lord hath done it!
Sound it forth o'er land and sea!

Jesus says: "I have redeemed thee,

Now return, return to Me"

Oh return, for His own life-blood

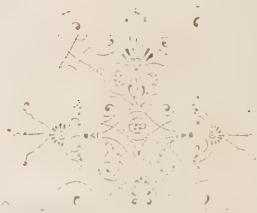
Paid the ransom, made us free

Evermore and evermore.

For I know that what He doeth
Stands for ever, fixed and true,
Nothing can be added to it,
Nothing left for us to do,
Nothing can be taken from it,
Done for me and done for you,
Ever-more and evermore.



Listen now! the Lord hath done it!
For He loved us unto death,
It is finished! He hath saved us!
Only trist to what He saith.
He hath done it! Come and bless Him,
Spend in praise your ransomed breath
Evermore and evermore.



O believe the Lord hath done it!
Wherefore linger? wherefore doubt?
All the clouds of black transgression
He Himself hath blotted out.
He hath done it! Come and bless Him,
Swell the grand thanksgiving shout
Evermore and evermore.





UNDER THE SPAN

'I sat down under his shadow with great delight.'

*S*it down beneath His shadow,
And rest with great delight;
The faith that now beholds Him
Is pledge of future sight

Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free,
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For He remembers thee.

*Bring every weary burden,
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief;
He calls the heavy laden,
And gives them kind relief*

Master, speak! Thy servant heareth,
 Waiting for Thy gracious word,
 Longing for Thy voice that cheereth;
 Master! let it now be heard.
 I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
 What hast Thou to say to me?

Master, speak in love and power:
 Crown the mercies of the day,
 In this quiet evening hour
 Of the moonrise over the bay,
 With the music of Thy voice;
 Speak! and bid Thy child rejoice.

Master, speak! and make me ready,
 When Thy voice is truly heard,
 With obedience glad and steady
 Still to follow every word.
 I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
 Master, speak, oh, speak to me!





Thou art coming.

Thou art coming, O my Saviour!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In Thy beauty all-resplendent.
In Thy glory all-transcendent,
Well may we rejoice and sing!

Coming! In the opening east.
Herald brightness slowly swells:
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?



THE RIGHT WAY.

Lord is it still the right way, though
I cannot see Thy face,
Though I do not feel Thy presence
and Thine all-sustaining grace?
Can even this be leading through the bleak
and sunless wild,
To the City of Thy holy rest, the mansions
undefiled?

Is it really leading onwards? When the
shadows flee away,
Shall I find this path has brought me
more near to perfect day?
Or am I left to wander thus that I may
stretch my hand,
To some still wearier traveller in this
same shadow-land?

Is this thy chosen training for some
future task unknown?
Is it that I may learn to rest upon
Thy word alone?
Whate'er it be, oh! leave me not, fulfil
Thou every hour,
The purpose of Thy goodness, and the
work of faith with power.

I lay my prayer before Thee, and trusting in Thy word,
Though all is silence in my heart, I know that Thou hast heard.
To that blest City lead me, Lord (still choosing all my way),
Where faith melts into vision as the starlight into day.





O THE JOY TO SEE THEE

O the joy to see Thee reigning
Thee, my own beloved Lord!

Every tongue Thy name confessing
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with glad accord!

Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned!

Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned!



RESCUED PAULTELSH.

'Behold I and the children which God hath given Me'

Heb. 2:15

OUR Saviour and our King,
enthroned and crowned above,
Shall with exceeding gladness bring
The children of His love.

All that the Father gave
His glory shall behold;
Not one whom Jesus came to save
Is missing from His fold.

He shall confess His own
From every clime and coast,
Before His Father's glorious throne,
Before the angel host.

Righteous Father, see,
In spotless robes arrayed,
Thy chosen gifts of love to Me,
Before the worlds were made.





SPRINGS OF PEACE

Springs of peace, when conflict brightens,
Thine uplifted eye shall see;
Peace that strengthens, calms, and brightens,
Peace itself a victory.

SPRINGS OF COMFORT, STRANGELY SPRINGING,
Through the bitter wells of woe;
Founts of hidden gladness, bringing
Joy that earth can ne'er bestow.

Trusting Jesus



I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Trusting only Thee;
Trusting Thee for full salvation
Great and free.

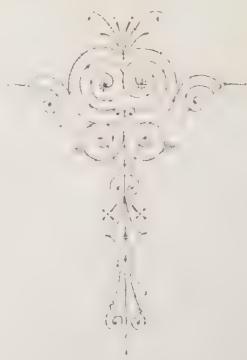
I am trusting Thee for pardon;
At Thy feet I bow,
For Thy grace and tender mercy;
Trusting now.

I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead!
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail!
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,
Must prevail.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall!
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.





THANKSGIVING

Thanks be to God!
The thirsty land He saveth,
The perishing He saveth,
The floods lift up their voices,
The answering earth rejoices.
Thanks be to Him, and never-ending Praise
For this new token of His bounteous love,
Who reigns in might the waterfloods above:
The gathering waters rush along,
And leaps the exultant shout, one calanet of song.
Thanks be to God!



REST.

Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart never
resteth till it findeth rest in Thee.—St. Augustine

Created for Thyself, O God!
Made for Thy love, Thy service, Thy delight.
Made to show forth Thy wisdom, grace and might;
Made for Thy praise, whom veiled archangels laud;
Oh strange and glorious thought, that we may be
A joy to Thee!

Yet the heart turns away
From this grand destiny of bliss and deems
T'was made for its poor self, for passing dreams,
Chasing illusions melting day by day;
Till for ourselves we read on this world's best,
This is not rest!





EXCELENT NAME

○ Lord, our Lord! how excellent Thy name
Throughout this universal frame!
Therefore Thy children rest
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings
A shelter safe and blest,
And tune their often tremulous strings
Thy love to praise, Thy glory to proclaim,
The Merciful, the Gracious One, eternally
The same.

PEACE

Is this the peace of God, this strange, sweet calm?

The weary day is at its zenith still,
Yet 't is as if beside some cool, clear rill.

Through shadowy stillness rose and evening psalm.
And all the noise of life were hushed away,
And tranquil gladness reigned with gently
soothing sway.

And there was calm! O Saviour, I have proved
That Thou to help and save art *really* near:
How else this quiet rest from grief, and fear,
And all distress? The cross is not removed,
I must go forth to bear it as before,
But leaning on Thine arm, I dread its weight no more.

Is it indeed Thy Peace? I have not tried
To analyze my faith, dissect my trust,
Or measure if belief be full and just,

And therefore claim Thy Peace. But Thou hast died,
I know that this is true, and true for me,
And, knowing it, I come, and cast my all on Thee.

It is not that I feel less week, but Thou
Wilt be my strength; it is not that I see
Less sin, but more of pardoning love with Thee.

And all-sufficient grace, Enough! And now
All fluttering thought is stilled, I only rest,
And feel that Thou art near, and know that I am blest.



God The Provider

One the channel, deep and broad,
From the Fountain of the Throne,
Christ the Saviour, Son of God.
Blessings flow through Him alone.

He, the Faithful and the True,
Brings us mercies ever new:
Till we reach His home on high,
"God shall all your need supply."





FROM GLORY TO GLORY.

'From glory unto glory! Our faith hath seen the King,
We own His matchless beauty, as adoringly we sing:
But He hath more to show us! O thought of untold bliss!
And we press on exultingly in certain hope to this:

'From glory unto glory! What mighty blessings crown
The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own so freely down!
Omnipotence to keep us, Omniscience to guide,
Sekovah's Triune Presence within us to abide!

The fulness of His blessing encompasses our way,
The fulness of His promises crowns every brightening day;
The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we realize the fulness of His love.

'From glory unto glory! Without a shade of care,
Because the Lord who loves us will every burden bear;
Because we trust Him fully, and know that He will guide,
And know that He will keep us at His beloved side.





AVERT THY FROWN

He cometh, oh, He cometh!
Our own beloved Lord!
This blessed hope up-summeth
Our undeserved reward.

He cometh! Through the hour,
Nor earth nor heaven may know,
Sure is the word of power,
He cometh! Even so!

SONG OF WELCOME

The Lord is gracious, full of grace
To those who seek through Christ His face,
O come then, sinner, taste and see
The fulness of His love for thee.

Full of compassion in His heart,
Each weary sigh, each rankling smart
Is known to Him whom we adore,
The Saviour who our sorrows bore.

To anger glow! though every hour
Provoking His destroying power,
How strange, such words of peace to give,
Through Him who died that we might live.

Great mercy! Yet another seal
To all His gracious words reveal;
Great mercy for the greatly stained,
For those who mercy long disdained.





CONFIDENCE.

In Thee I trust, on Thee I rest.

O Saviour dear, Redeemer blesst!

No earthly friend, no brother knows

My weariness, my wants, my woes.

On Thee I call,

Who knowest all.

O Saviour dear, Redeemer blesst,

In Thee I trust, on Thee I rest.

Thy power, Thy love, Thy faithfulness.

With lip and life I long to bless.

Thy faithfulness shall be my tower,

My sun, Thy love, my shield, Thy power

In darkest night,

In fiercest fight.

With lip and life I long to bless

Thy power, Thy love, Thy faithfulness



RESTING.

Resting on the faithfulness of Christ our Lord,
Resting on the faithfulness of His own sure word;
Resting on His power, on His love untold
Resting on His covenant secured of old

Resting 'neath His guiding hand for untraced days,
Resting 'neath His shadow from the noontide rays,
Resting at the eventide beneath His wing,
In the fair pavilion of our Saviour King

Resting in the pastures, and beneath the Rock,
Resting by the waters where He leads His flock,
Resting, while we listen, at His glorious feet,
Resting in His very arms! O rest complete!

Resting and believing, let us onward press,
Resting in Himself, the Lord our Righteousness,
Resting and rejoicing, let His saved ones sing,
Glory, glory, glory be to Christ our King!



THE TRIUNE PRESENCE

“Certainly I will be with thee!” — Exod. 3. 12

“Certainly I will be with thee!”

Father, I have found it true:
To Thy faithfulness and mercy I would set
my seal anew.

All the year Thy grace hath kept me, Thou
my help indeed hast been,
Marvellous the loving-kindness every day and
hour hath seen.

“Certainly I will be with thee!” Let me feel
it, Saviour dear,
Let me know that Thou art with me, very
precious very near.

On this day of solemn pausing, with Thyself
all longing still,
Let Thy pardon, let Thy presence, let Thy
peace my spirit fill.



TRUE-HEARTED.

True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!
Under Thy standard, exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength, we will battle for Thee!

True-hearted, whole-hearted! Fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King;
Valiant endeavour and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

Whole-hearted! Saviour, beloved and glorious,
Take Thy great power, and reign Thou alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered and wholly Thine own.

Half-hearted! Master, shall any who know Thee
Grudge Thee their lives, who hast laid down Thine own?
Nay, we would offer the hearts that we owe Thee.
Live for Thy love and Thy glory alone.





THE MORNING GLORY

From glory unto glory of loveliness and light,
Of music and of rapture, of power and of sight,
From glory unto glory of knowledge and of love,
Shall be the joy of progress awaiting us above.

From glory unto glory that ever lies before,
Still wondering, adoring, rejoicing more and more,
Still following where He leadeth, from shining field to field
Himself the goal of glory, Revealer and Revealed!

From glory unto glory with no limit and no veil,
With wings that cannot weary and hearts that cannot fail,
Within, without, no hindrance, no barrier as we soar
And never interruption to the endless; more and more!

For infinite outpourings of Jehovah's love and grace,
And infinite unveilings of the brightness of His face,
And infinite unfoldings of the splendour of His will
Meet the mightiest expansions of the finite spirit still



PERFECT PEACE.

Like a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase.
Perfect - yet it floweth
Fuller every day;
Perfect - yet it groweth
Deeper all the way.

Hidden in the hollow
Of His blessed hand.
Never foe can follow.
Never traitor stand.
Not a surge of worry;
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry.
Touch the spirit there.

Every joy or trial
Falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial
By the Sun of love.
We may trust Him solely
All for us to do;
They who trust Him wholly,
Find Him wholly true.

Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest.
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.





Upon Thy Word I Rest

Upon Thy Word I rest,
So strong, so sure:
So full of comfort blest,
So sweet, so pure.
The Word that changeth not, that faileth never!
My King! I rest upon Thy Word for ever.

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